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Why Not Be Open?

WHO understands the subway situation? What average man even thinks he understands it? The whole question has rolled into such a thick fog-bank of dithering, dodging and delay that people veer off at any fresh shift of it.

Nobody expects the problem of the new subways to be stated in ten words. But does the public not deserve some kind of frank explanation from the officials they have chosen to settle this difficult matter? Does it not deserve, at least at intervals, clear, concise statements of what is going on behind the struggling, wearisome show of bargainings and counter-bargainings which is all the public sees?

These very officials once earnestly asked the public to have confidence in them. Have they in turn shown like confidence in the public? Have they ever tried to tell the citizens exactly what the city is trying to gain for itself in this subway matter? Have they treated the people that trusted them?

Taxes Day by Day.

A TAX time-table is the latest thing to brighten our walls. An enterprising corporation sends us a calendar with trimmings specially designed for New York City taxpayers.

Running alongside the days and weeks is a cheery parallel column showing just when we may pay our different taxes. The dates are in nice, clear, black type. A certain number remain blank because on those days there are no taxes to pay. These stick out like Sundays.

Following the dates are jokes, such as "Last day to pay personal property tax," or, "Penalty of 10 per cent. added to unpaid water rates."

Looking further we find festal days, when we can pay as many as three or four taxes during the forenoon. Sometimes a week drags by with never a tax. Then quick comes one to pay, or a penalty for one we didn't pay. "Last days" for doing something or other seem to be always with us.

The kind corporation sends a note explaining that eager letters pour in asking the very earliest chance to pay various taxes. So they hit upon this "Tax Time-Table for Taxpayers of New York City." Now nobody need miss a single day of the fun.

The Partner at Home.

"ALL my success in life I owe to my wife." A graceful deference of fact to feeling, voiced by many an eminent man. Some one said it again at a banquet the other night. It contains, however, a thought for men not necessarily either great or successful.

Talk over your business affairs with your wife. It not only makes things clearer in your own mind, but ten to one she manages to give a shake or two of common sense to many a tangle. Anyway it is good for a man's wife to feel she has some of his confidence. It makes her think more of herself. And that makes him think more of her.

The average man needs partnership in his hopes. It is far safer for him to share the disappointments and triumphs of a business day with his wife than with his stenographer.

A New One in Forestry.

TOMCAT tax, one dollar. Tabby tax, two dollars. Alternative, death.

This newest thing in taxes is proposed by a Massachusetts legislator. The argument is: Cats eat birds. Birds eat bugs. Bugs eat plants. Therefore, discourage the cat that kills the bird that catches the bug that feeds on the leaf, and you have left—the tree you planted.

Massachusetts has had a hard time with her trees. Anybody who has seen the wrecks of the once beautiful elms of Cambridge and Springfield will not wonder that the Bay State is looking seriously into the why and wherefore of the gypsy-moth. The poor cat seems to have tumbled into the line of causation.

Letters from the People

Objects to Perforated Title.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish some one would inform me why the public insists on calling Rutherford B. Hayes the "Reverend" of the "Reverend" Mr. Hayes. No doubt many will agree with me that the word "Reverend" does not apply to a creature who has committed such an atrocious crime. The word Reverend should be omitted, especially after his own horrible confession.

MRS. F. R. PAINE,
Albany, N. Y.

Hard Working Clerks.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have noticed that clerks complain about their positions. I must say I am sure that there are not any clerks paid as poorly as those in certain banks. They hold responsible positions, receiving small salaries and also sometimes being treated meanly by the officers. An instance of this is shown in one bank when the clerks have to work overtime. If a clerk works until after seven o'clock there he is to receive the same money. But the cashier, after keeping the men working one hour and a half overtime, has them go home at 6.45, thereby not allowing them to get money. The salaries in one bank are as follows: Bank messengers (carrying thousands of dollars' worth of valuable papers) receive between \$20 and \$30 a month; bookkeepers, who have charge of all the bank accounts, holding positions as high as "superior," receive between \$40 and \$50 a month.

Jan. 6, 1912.

There was a big wind and hurricane in Ireland between 18 and 20 years ago. What was the date?

Where Women Vote.

What are the names of the States where women have the right to vote? W. H. New London, Conn.
Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Colorado, Washington and California.

Why Not?

By Maurice Ketten

The Jarr Family

Mr. Jarr in the Domestic Drama Enacts the Star Role of "Goat"

"Where?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Oh, just up and down the street and maybe over to Riverside Drive, if you feel like it," was the reply. "Sure!" said Mr. Jarr heartily. "Just the thing!"

Don't Take Yourself Quite So Seriously

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

IT was a bright, pleasant Sunday, although the month was February. Mrs. Jarr bustled about, getting the children off to Sunday school. She stopped beside Mr. Jarr on the sofa reading the Sunday papers and said: "Let me fix this cushion under your head, dear. You don't look comfortable."

Then she brought a tabourette over beside him and arranged the ash tray and matches and cigars close at hand and asked him if he wanted a glass of beer. Before he could answer she bustled away and brought it to him.

Then she hurried out to Gertrude and told her to be careful about the dinner, as Sunday was short the only day when Mr. Jarr wasn't the slave of that office of his that overworked him until all hours; and therefore it behooved all in the house to see he got one good, hot, well-served meal.

Then she bustled herself about the house, humming a song, the best tempered, blindest, most considerate little wife in all Harlem.

Finally Mr. Jarr yawned and threw aside the papers.

"Nice day out, eh?" he remarked. "Yes, it's just sharp enough to be pleasant," said Mrs. Jarr. "If I knew you weren't so tired and needed a good rest on Sunday I'd suggest we take a little walk."

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Historic Heartbreakers

By Albert Payson Terhune.

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NO. 4.—LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN—Genius and Lover.

"B"EETHOVEN accepted the adoration of women as his right," says a biographer, "and in return he condescended to go to sleep on their sofas while they pounded away at his sonatas, their artistic slaughter of which his deafness mercifully prevented him from hearing."

Ludwig van Beethoven, musical heartbreaker, was, at a glance, the last sort of man likely to attract women. He was small, pock-marked, slovenly, dyspeptic, homely and ferociously cross, besides being eccentric, conceited and—for the greater part of his life—deaf. Incidentally, he was a sublime genius, whose rank in music is beside that of Shakespeare in literature.

From the beginning, women raved about him. When he was thirteen his drunken father took him from town to town, exhibiting him as an "infant prodigy" piano player and announcing that the lad was only ten. During these journeys he was much petted by women and early grew to regard their flattery as only natural. At twenty he had a love affair with Barbara Knoch, daughter of a restaurant keeper. Both tired of it and Barbara married a nobleman. Eleonore von Breuning was his next flame. Her devotion took the form of knitting him woollen vests, stockings and comforters and baking sweet puddings for him. As he was miserably poor at the time and often cold and hungry, these gifts were probably the most acceptable he could have received. He and Eleonore (or "Lorchen," as he called her) soon parted. But he treasured her silhouette portrait to the day of his death.

A woman of high birth named Jeannette d'Altonath and a Fraulein Westendorp followed in quick succession. Eleonore had, meantime, married. Her husband wrote of her former sweetheart:

"Beethoven was always in love with some one, and very often succeeded in making a conquest where many an Adonis would have found it difficult to gain a hearing."

But he was not always successful. For instance, he asked Magdalena Wilmann, a singer, to marry him, and she refused on the ground that "he was very ugly and half crazy." The rich Countess Erdody loved him devotedly and he loved her, but the practical form of secretly paying a servant extra wages to remain in Beethoven's employ. Servants seldom stayed at his home more than a week or two at most. For he had a way of throwing eggs at their heads in his fits of rage and of beating or cursing them when they dared to laugh at the uncouth gestures and sounds he used to make while composing his wondrous masterpieces. The Countess also built on her estate a beautiful temple in honor of Beethoven's genius.

Bettina von Arnim, whom the poet Goethe had loved, capitalized her own affair with Beethoven by selling to a publisher a collection of the composer's recent love letters. A Vienna lady who adored Beethoven was begging him for a lock of his hair. To check her adoration, which annoyed him, Beethoven sent her a tuft of fur from the chin of a goat.

More than thirty of his love affairs are chronicled, apart from many of which no record was kept. Yet throughout he had a horror for any form of immorality and mercilessly snubbed married women who tried to flirt with him. His whole miserable, wonderful life was a bitter tragedy, in which the many loves that were showered upon him seem to have been the only bright spots. Brought up in poverty, robbed of his childhood by the father who set him to work at mending the pianos and violins when he was a mere baby, in later years alternately mocked for his ugliness and queerness and slavishly fawned upon for his genius, deceived by his best friends, robbed right and left when at last money began to come his way, cursed with a growing deafness that at last shut out every sound—it is small wonder that his nature became warped and twisted until people thought him almost insane.

His furious bursts of rage were always followed by wild repentance. His outer shell of roughness was easily pierced by every one who wished to harm him or to wring favors from him. He lived in an age when artists were expected to cringe before wealthy patrons. And he could never learn to cringe. Once, when he started to play a sonata of his own at a court reception, several people kept on talking. Bringing down his fist upon the keyboard, Beethoven shouted: "I will play no longer for such dogs!" and stamped out of the room. When a relative spoke of himself as a "Johann van Beethoven, land proprietor," he retorted: "I am Ludwig van Beethoven, BRAIN proprietor!"

His roughness and the contempt in which he held the world at large did more, perhaps, than anything else to attract women to him in an age when surface politeness toward women had reached almost a point of absurdity. Homeless, wifeless, he lived on, unwell and lonely, in a world of dense stupidity, peopled by countless loves. An entry in his diary reads:

"What a fearful state to be in, not to be able to trample down my longings for the joys of a home! Oh, God, look down in mercy on poor, unhappy Beethoven and put an end to this soon!"

The Hedgeville Editor

By John L. Hobble

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ON the programme of victuals at the hotel, Old Fork has wrote that soup should be sent and not heard.

NO true husband is so thoughtless as to explain things to his wife that she has no business to know.

REV. FROST says that the present day man is a satire on what Providence created in His own image.

DAVID CRAWM was struck with an idea while acting in the capacity of innocent bystander.

ROY HARBISH says that the Mechanical piano player can pound more

hours a day than the old-fashioned girl.

But there is no advantage; it can't sing.

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